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Est,.....1987

Q  
H  
3



GM...Michele Mango Flowers (0509 230396)

RUN 16.....COPT OAK....Watch the Birdie

A handsome pack of 23 arrived at the Copt Oak pub in delightful Charnwood Forest for Suterball's first lay; a big welcome to John from Edinburgh....wee Jimmie of big Willie fame. The publican was miffed-miffed at the gathering of cars, having not been briefed by the Hare...SIN number 1. Photos were not taken at the start nor during the run.....Flash alias the Hare, momentarily forgot his camera....SIN number 2. Arranging the beer stop became a chaotic example of the best Hash mismanagement with various options of wives/kids/cars/dogs etc....SIN number 3 by the Hare.

At last off ON the trail and into the meadows of Charnwood; a positively delightful trail throughout of lanes, pastures, woods, hills, dales and a little shiggy for the mud buffaloes. Most notable amongst the misdemeanours was Psychedelic's plunge into the claggy-poo at the hands of wee Jimmie...many others followed her example by their own devices. Also on the list of mega-sins

was the rude and inconsiderate behaviour of ALL those running who shouted and balled their way through the local RSPB reserve.....and frightened away all the little tits (and bums...judging from those that were watching them). A particularly irate madam frightened off even more of her feathered friends with her own rendition of 'whose country is this anyway????'....the Hash replies are unprintable.

Some excellent checks and false trails kept the pack intact throughout to the very end....where they were ably led by Stinger to the pub..oh she of inside knowledge.....the disbelieving FRBs meekly followed her ON IN in the absence of dust, ( SIN number 4 by the Hare..he ran out, literally). Gazunda and Hard-On were found at the pub, having Hashed their own trail...t'traffic on th'Ml took its toll, in the end.

A great trail with a most welcome beer-stop. Well done. Even Pedigree at the pub afterwards.

An amazing ON ON ON followed the above at the Hare's house: Bar-B-Que, booze, chat, and games for all.

DOWN DOWNS

John from EH3 for visiting and for cruelty to Harriettes.

Terry Buckley, ex-Dhekelia H3, who has sat at home in East Leake for a year thinking about Hashing.

David Griffiths who lost his wedding tackle on the barbed wire.

Psychedelic for mud-diving (that's mud not muff).

Suterball for all the reasons listed above.

Mango for forgetting the Pan, the RBAA, the nut....etc.

Christian..another virgin.

\*Lady Fortescue was well known about town for her fussiness, so when she entered the pet shop one day, the salesman knew he was in for trouble. "I'm looking for a pedigree bloodhound," said the aristocrat.

"Certainly, madam," said the salesman. "How about Bounder here? Just five weeks old, and full of life."

"Ah, but how do I know he's a real bloodhound?" asked Lady Fortescue suspiciously.

The salesman put the puppy onto the carpet, and said: "Come on now, Bounder; bleed for the lady..."



"Well, first, make sure you seal all the windows and doors, then turn the gas on and hey presto ... just shove your head in!"

Next QH3 run

You already have details of the run, which is at the end of JULY...the map is again enclosed for those whose dogs/kids/cats/grannies etc were sick on/ate/wrapped the chips in/crapped on etc...the previous sheet.

Next SH3 run

MIDSUMMER MADNESS RUN

At Fiskerton, by the river Trent, at the Bromley Arms pub. See map enclosed. Jun 21 18.30 hrs or thereabouts. Fancy dress as always, on the theme of your favourite Comic character. For Comic read...Dandy, Beano, Hotspur etc.

Sorry about the absence of an early June SH3 run.... the Hare is sadly indisposed.

A gentleman appeared in the doctor's office complaining of constipation. The GP prescribed a laxative, and told him he'd ring every day to find out if he'd moved his bowels.

Sure enough, the next day, the doctor rang. 'Have you moved yet?' he asked.

'No, I haven't,' replied the patient.

'Oh dear, well, in that case you'd better take a double dose, and I'll call again tomorrow.'

The following day, he rang again.

'Have you moved yet?' he enquired.

'No,' replied the patient.

'Good grief!' replied the doctor. 'In that case, you'd better triple the dose, and I'll ring again tomorrow.'

The next day, the GP phoned again.

'Have you moved now?' he asked.

'No,' replied the patient. 'But I'll be moving tomorrow.'

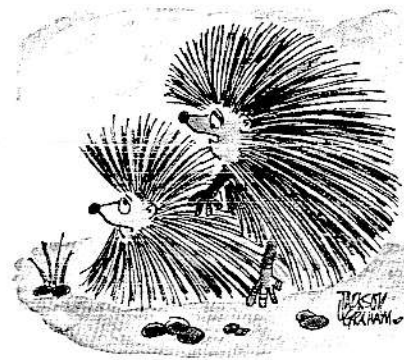
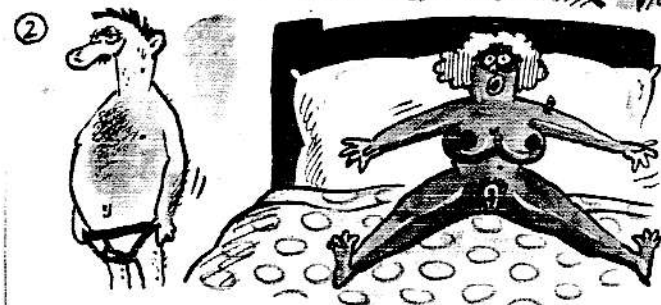
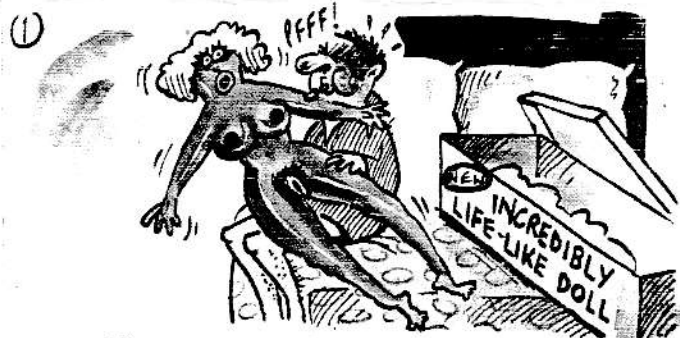
'Why do you say that?' asked the doctor.

'Because the house is full of shit.'

The GM and JM of Quorn send you their love and kisses and are so pleased to be saying goodbye and bon voyage to you all. We will think of <sup>you</sup> every day from the beaches of Bali, the Flesh Pots of Bangkok and the home of Hash....Kuala Lumpur. INTERHASH....

....here we come.

Crazy  
xxxx  
x

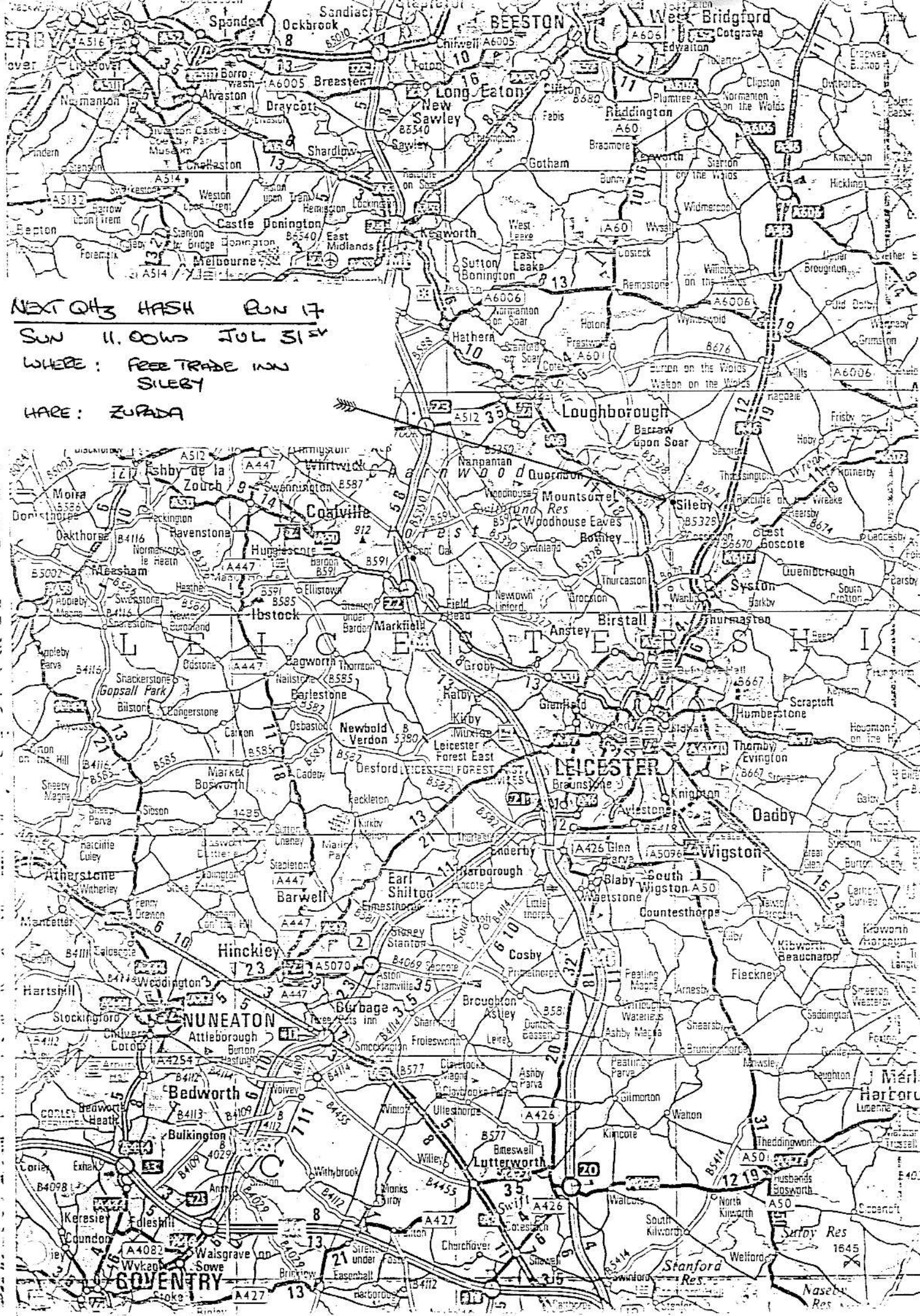


"What do you mean, be gentle - this is going to hurt me more than you!"



"...on second thoughts, doggy-fashion can be quite fun."





NEXT Q43 HASH RUN 17  
SUN 11.00hrs JUL 31st  
WHERE: FREE TRADE INN  
SILBY  
HARE: ZUPADA